VOL. 54 NO. 1370 JANUARY 18 1908 PRICE 10 CENTS.

Judge

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Matter. Copyright 1908 by Judge Company. Title Registered as a Trade Mark.

COPYRIGHT 1908 BY JUDGE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 225 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK.

WILL HE GET IT IN OHIO?

Judge

225 Fourth Ave., New York. Cable Address, "Judgark." Tel. 2214 Gramercy.
JOHN A. SLEICHER, President. F. W. Schneider, Secretary. Arthur Terry, Treasurer.
Western Advertising Office—1136-7 Marquette Building, Chicago Ill
Burges Johnson, Managing Editor. Grant Hamilton, Art Editor.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 10 CENTS A COPY.

One year, or 52 numbers	$5.00
Six months, or 26 numbers	2.50
Thirteen weeks	1.25

Subscriptions payable in advance by draft on New York, or by express or postal order, *not by local checks, which are at a discount in New York City.*

Postage free in the United States, its dependencies, and Mexico. To Canadian Provinces add 50 cents a year for postage; to all foreign countries add $1.50 a year.

European sales-agents—*International News Company, Bream's building, Chancery Lane, E. C. London; Brentano's, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Sauroach's News Exchange, Mainz, Germany.*

The contents of JUDGE are protected by copyright in both the United States and Great Britain.

CONTRIBUTORS must inclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope with all manuscripts, otherwise return of the latter when found unavailable cannot be guaranteed.

If JUDGE cannot be found at any news-stand, the publishers will be under obligations if that fact be promptly reported on postal-card or by letter.

WHOA, JEFF! GEE HAW!

MY GRACIOUS! what's that dreadful noise? Our ear-drums are so frail! It cannot be that naughty boys are pinching something's tail? It sounds from down Potomac way, whence emanates the Law—yet it's the sort of noise, they say, that's raised in Arkansaw. Gee haw, Jeff! Whoa! Gee haw! My goodness! just remember, Jeff, you ain't in Arkansaw. The Capitol is firm, we know—a solid marble mass; yet e'en the walls of Jericho were felled by sounding brass. The Hall of Statuary squirms—it fears your champing jaw; yet you were governor three terms, back there in Arkansaw. Gee, Jeff! Hully gee! and haw, haw, haw! They must have sense of humor there in poor old Arkansaw!

* * *

OUT on Long Island, it is said, they have discovered that horses are being killed and turned into sausage-meat. This is an unpleasant thought, and yet blame must not be laid on the wrong people. Horse-owners are justified in trying to realize on their investment. Another argument against the automobile. It is invading our very breakfast-tables.

* * *

ANOTHER William J. Bryan in political life? If this isn't treason it is at least sacrilegious.

* * *

HAS Taft a right to accept the political services of a postman?

A DOCTORED FLEET.

"PIPE all hands to quarters!" cried the admiral. "Stand ready to man the forward port ambulance! Second officer, get out your forceps and take the sun. Every man is expected to do his duty! . . . . If the enemy boards us throw him down and operate on his appendix. If he gets ours before we get his, we are ignominiously defeated. Swing the starboard X-ray machine into action and fire as soon as you see the whites of their epiglottises. And remember, every man of you, to chew your food forty-two times before swallowing. Men cannot fight their best for the old flag with indigestion." . . . . "Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are dying. Stand by with your scalpels for an autopsy." . . . . Strange language, this, yet we imagine such inspiring words ringing through the school histories of the future. Three cheers, boys, for our medical seamen! Long may they wave! But heaven grant that the idea may not be carried into civil life, so that we shall some day find ourselves on board an ocean greyhound, with the ship's surgeon in command, navigating the ship by Materia Medica.

* * *

DR. FLEXNER of the Rockefeller Institute announces that the arteries, and even organs, of brute animals, may be transferred to man. Hens' brains, pigs' appetites, and the like, we suppose. The learned doctor must have been quietly and successfully experimenting among us for some time past.

* * *

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

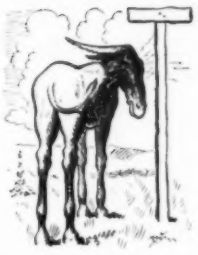
IT IS a bit irritating every time a large dower of American gold is sent abroad to support some superfluous member of the European nobility. And yet the immortals, gazing with full perspective from high Olympus, must chuckle when they see the bedraggled scions of a decaying aristocracy quarreling in the gutter over a republican grass-widow with a *dot*. After all, there is something pleasant about the common level of a republic; and even in Europe, where a sharp line is still drawn between the rank and file, the rank is getting so very rank it is better to be one of the file.

THE WHALE AGAIN COUGHS UP ITS JONAH.

See JUDGE'S Great Limerick Contest on next to last page.

BE YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.

BY MAIL WE TEACH YOU HOW TO TEACH BY MAIL.



THIS is a unique proposition. For a purely nominal sum, merely enough to pay for postage and packing and a small per cent. commission, we will teach you how to teach others how to teach by mail by the correspondence method. Think it over!

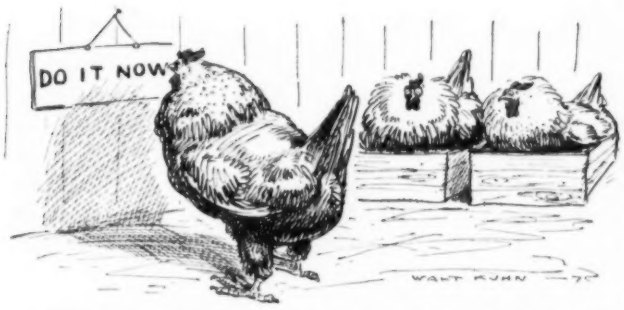
A correspondence school is the easiest and surest way of making money of any yet discovered. An income of ENORMOUS PROPORTIONS is positively assured anyone whom we teach. The plan is very simple. You are your own correspondence school, and you learn from us how to teach others to embark in the same business. Of course you take a little commission from each one of your pupils, and another commission from each one of your pupils' pupils, and so on down the scale, until the money will finally come rolling in upon you in such quantities as to make the clearing-house certificates look sick.

It is the greatest money-making scheme ever conceived of in the brain of mortal man! We are proud of it. It has any endless-chain letter scheme beat in a walk. Write now and secure exclusive territory. You can start it by working nights, and you will soon be making enough money to throw up your job and buy the business in which you were formerly a menial servant.

Correspondence Teachers of Correspondence Teaching,

Box 3-11. Cranton, Pa.

SOME young men are remarkably light on their feet in dancing-pumps, but awfully clumsy in business shoes.



FORTY-FIVE CENTS A DOZEN IN THE CITY MARKETS!

ACCIDENTAL.

"HAS the man any money?" queried the older surgeon.

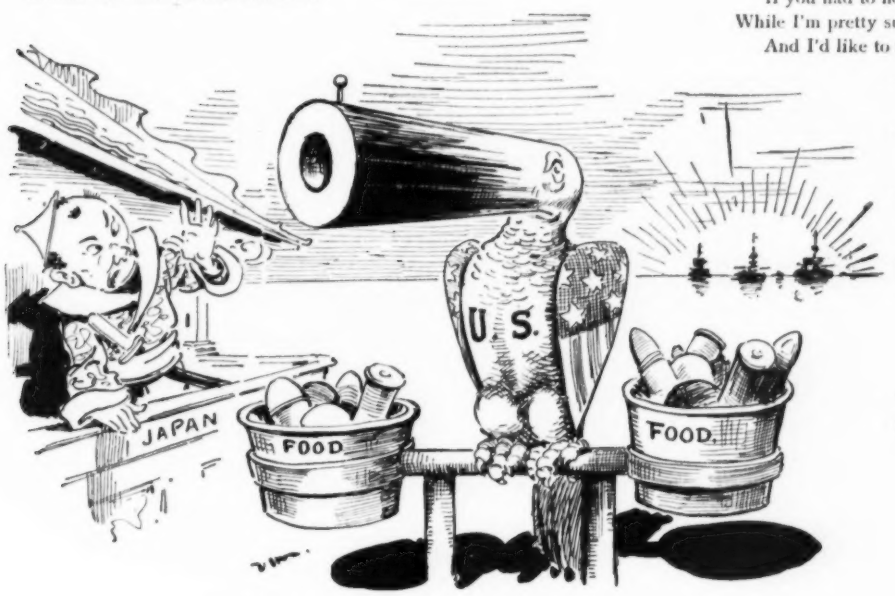
"Not a cent," replied the younger man. "His only asset is an accident-insurance policy."

"Then," answered the more experienced operator, "your only salvation lies in performing an unsuccessful operation."

CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT.

"SO Silas was charged with havin' seven wives? Was Judge Corrigan severe on him?"

"Awful! He discharged him, with all seven of his wives waitin' for him in the corridor."



"WHAT A FUNNY BILL THAT AMERICAN EAGLE HAS!"

WHAT! AGAIN?

A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR.

Missionary—"Do you ever contribute money for the heathen in foreign lands, sir?"

Millionaire—"Oh, yes. Both of my daughters married foreign noblemen."

THINK IT OVER.

A POLITICAL orator was speaking in a certain place where both "standard" and "local" time were in use. Having no watch, he paused to inquire the time of a laborer near by, who replied, "Eleven-thirty." The orator then asked the usual question, "Local or standard?"

"Figure it out for yourself, you dump-head!" was the retort. "There is only a half-hour's difference."

THE GREAT UNWHIPPED.

(Governor Folk's mother recently stated that she has never whipped any of her children.—*News item.*)

THERE'S a man in old Missouri who could go before a jury
And swear he'd never felt his mother's hand.
Though he may have been berated, he was never castigated,
And his name is Joseph Folk, I understand.

As things appear to-day, we can pretty safely say
There are others who have not been spanked as yet;
For I doubt if dear Fairbanks ever ventured youthful pranks—
He was always stiff and dignified, I bet.

Then you really must admit you would soon get tired of it
If you had to hold Bill Taft across your knee;
While I'm pretty sure that Hughes wouldn't stand for such abuse,
And I'd like to see the man who'd wallop *me*.

There is really no denyin' Uncle Sam has tackled Bryan,
And it rather seems that William came out worst;
Yet 'twould be most ill-advised for T. R. to be chastised,
For I think he'd lick the other fellow first.

Though this lack of castigation may not wildly thrill the nation,
There is one thing that we cannot but deplore:
When a President is picked all the others will be licked,
And the Great Unwhipped will be unwhipped no more.

G. H.

HIS WEAPON.

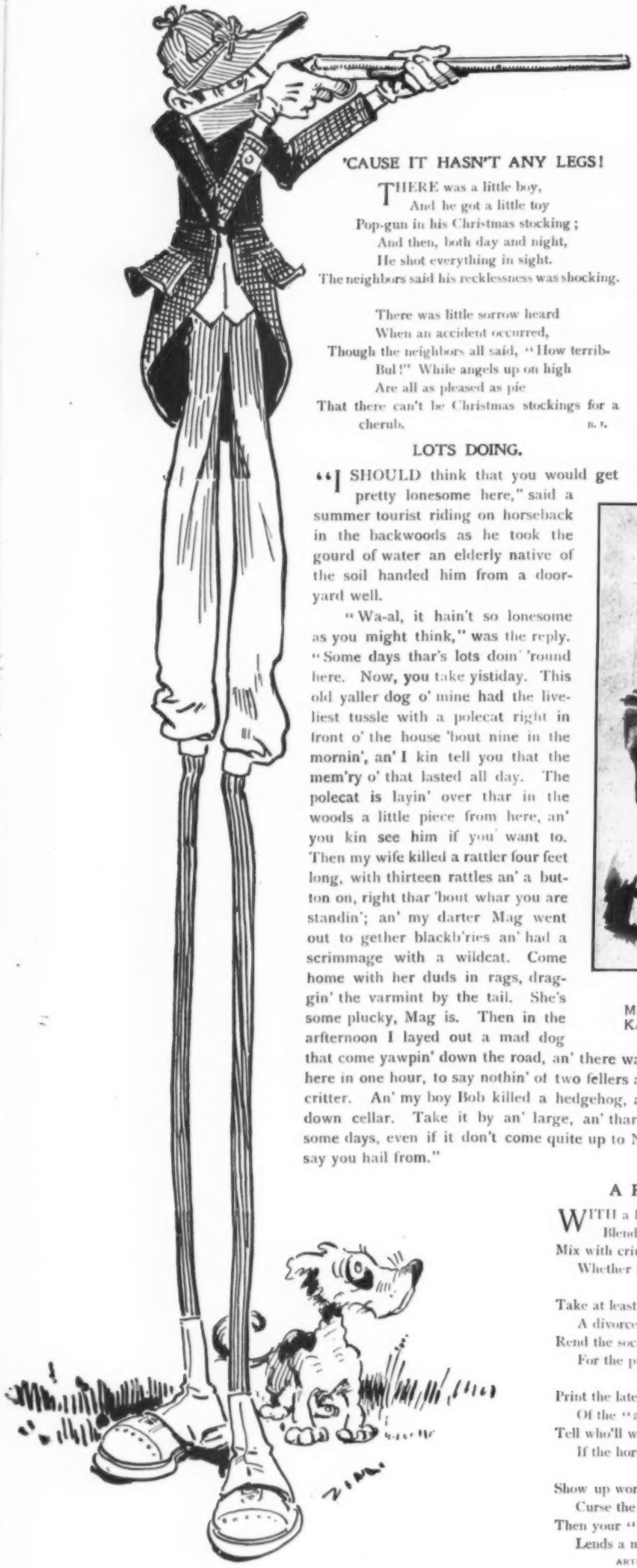
Editor Watterson (to assistant, irately)—"Don't admit that fellow again. He hounds me to death."

Assistant—"What with?"

Editor Watterson—"Doggerel!"

FAIR WARNING.

"MOTHER, may I go out to speculate?"
"Yes, my darling daughter.
Hang your clothes on the treasury steps,
But don't go near the water."



'CAUSE IT HASN'T ANY LEGS!

THERE was a little boy,
And he got a little toy
Pop-gun in his Christmas stocking;
And then, both day and night,
He shot everything in sight.
The neighbors said his recklessness was shocking.

There was little sorrow heard
When an accident occurred,
Though the neighbors all said, "How terrib-
Bul!" While angels up on high
Are all as pleased as pie
That there can't be Christmas stockings for a cherub.

B. F.

LOTS DOING.

"I SHOULD think that you would get pretty lonesome here," said a summer tourist riding on horseback in the backwoods as he took the gourd of water an elderly native of the soil handed him from a dooryard well.

"Wa-al, it hain't so lonesome as you might think," was the reply. "Some days thar's lots doin' 'round here. Now, you take yistiday. This old yaller dog o' mine had the liveliest tussle with a polecat right in front o' the house 'bout nine in the mornin', an' I kin tell you that the mem'ry o' that lasted all day. The polecat is layin' over thar in the woods a little piece from here, an' you kin see him if you want to. Then my wife killed a rattler four feet long, with thirteen rattles an' a button on, right thar 'bout whar you are standin'; an' my darter Mag went out to gether blackb'ries an' had a scrimmage with a wildcat. Come home with her duds in rags, draggin' the varmint by the tail. She's some plucky, Mag is. Then in the arfternoon I layed out a mad dog that come yawpin' down the road, an' there was two teams passed here in one hour, to say nothin' of two fellers afoot an' a stray cow critter. An' my boy Bob killed a hedgehog, an' my wife tumbled down cellar. Take it by an' large, an' thar's plenty doin' hyar some days, even if it don't come quite up to New York, whar you say you hail from."

M. M.

A RECIPE.

WITH a little red paint
Blend a little blue;
Mix with crime and scandal,
Whether false or true.

Take at least three murders,
A divorce or two,
Rend the social girders,
For the public's view.

Print the latest "dope sheet"
Of the "also-rans";
Tell who'll win the races—
If the horses can.

Show up worldly troubles,
Curse the "idle" rich;
Then your "pink edition"
Lends a moral pitch.

ARTHUR E. MCTAMMANY.

MODERN MARY.

MARY had a motor-car.
Its body white as snow.
Unlike her little lamb, this car
Was *never* sure to go.

TIRED OF IT.

Officer—"Guide right!"

Raw recruit—"Say, cap, I've been guyed right and left."

NOT BY ANYTHING.

Cook—"Dobbins has a new automobile."

Hook—"What does it run by?"

Cook—"It doesn't run by anything. It's the slowest chugger you ever saw."

THOUGHT HE'D KNOW.

Snappish citizen (to inquiring stranger)—"Any fool knows where the Hippodrome is!"

Stranger—"Yes, of course. That's why I asked you."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

HELEN WARE IN "CANDIDA."

That you are fair, oh, Helen Ware,
The blindest ones could tell;
But better far, delightful Star,
You use your brains as well.

NOT EXPENSIVE.

MABEL (*gushingly*)—"Isn't that faint tinge of gold in Sara's hair perfectly dear?"
KATHERINE—"Only ten cents an ounce."

SHE PLAINLY DISAPPROVES.

Mamma—"Now, Willie, I don't want to hear you using any more slang. I want you to cut it out."

THE POINT OF VIEW.

MRS. HEN—"Willie has a bad cold. I believe he got his feet wet."

DR. DRAKE—"H'm! Nonsense! He may have kept them too warm and dry."

ONE BREAD-WINNER ENOUGH.

"'Rastus, you old scoundrel! didn't your wife tell you that I wanted some cord-wood cut this afternoon?"
"'Scuse me, jedge; but didn' mah missus git yo'r family wash ter do dis mawnin'?"
"Yes."
"Well, undah dem dar circumstances, jedge, mah wife am a woman ob mo' sainse 'n ter fotch me enny sech message jes' at dis time."

WORSE THAN THE BLACK-HAND.

"Whata means dis 'glad hand,' Giovanni?"
"Eet is a beeg political society, Marie. All de beeg city politicians belonga to dat."

BREVITY.

"SAY, Tommy, you want to get a piece sewed onto those pants. They're too short."

"Short nothin'! I got into them too far—that's what's the matter."

AS SHE USED TO EVERY MORNING.

THE bereaved Mrs. O'Leary, with a neighbor, stood sobbing over the coffin of her deceased husband.

"Oh, Mrs. Murphy!" she cried, "Oi can't belave Pat 's lyin' there dead. He's only ashlape."

"Shure, he do look loike he wor only ashlape," returned her sympathizing friend. "Call to him, Mrs. O'Leary—call to Pat jist as ye used to to wake him iv'ry marnin'!"

Mrs. O'Leary dashed away her tears and called vehemently,

"Git up, ye lazy baste, an' go out an' hunt fer a job!"

TO HIS STENOGRAPHER.

Magazine-writer—"Break up these compounds and cut out the hyphens. Don't you know I get paid by the word?"

NOT ALWAYS WELL TO BUTT IN.

"AFTER the crash," imparted the first hospital surgeon to the second, "I ran over to where it lay on the pavement; and when I raised it up I saw at once that its ribs were smashed, while a gaping hole was torn in its"——

"Pardon me, doctor," broke in the medical student, who had caught these words as he was about to pass by into the consumptive ward; "but if you have no objections, I'd like to take a few notes on that accident case." He pulled his note-book from his pocket. "Was the case a child?"

"No," the surgeon informed him, to his embarrassment. "I was speaking of my umbrella."

A GALLANT MAN.

UPON a rescue all intent,
He jumped and caught a broken rein,
And o'er the horse's neck he bent—
Ah, see him ride the raging mane!

TRIALS OF THE PROFESSION.

"Did those pink pills I left do any good?"
"Sure, doctor! They was so pretty I didn't have the heart to swally them, an' I strung them into a necklace for little Rosie."

A NECESSARY QUALIFICATION LACKING.

"YOU have called in answer to my advertisement for an office-boy, eh?" asked the head of the firm.

"Yes, sir," replied the youth. "You will find me a neat penman, sir."

"That's what we want."

"And good at figures."

"Yes."

"And always on time."

"Yes."

"And always willing to work."

"Yes."

"And a rapid messenger, as I know my way around the city."

"Yes."

"And I'm pretty fair at typewriting, in case your stenographer gets sick."

"Splendid, my boy—splendid! Now, are you handy with your fists in a fight?"

"In—in a fight, sir?"

"Yes. Can you put it all over a boy your size if necessary?"

"I—I never fight, sir."

"But you look like a chap who could give a good account of himself in a scrimmage. I don't want you to go around looking for trouble, you understand; but if it comes along, can you take care of yourself?"

"It's—it's wicked to fight, sir."

"Hum! Well, we need talk no further, I guess," said the head of the firm with a sigh of disappointment. "You see, Smith, down the hall, is continually bragging about the fighting qualities of his red-headed office-boy, and I'm going to get one this time who can thrash that lad out of his boots. Sorry, son, as you seem to be a bright young fellow. Sure you weren't fooling?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Well, it's too bad; but I can't have that old pudding-head blowing all the time about the scrapper he has. Take a look at his boy as you go out, and if you think you can best him in a scrap come back and the job is yours."

But the youth never returned

A. B. LEWIS.

FROM THE CONFESSIONS OF A LIBRETTIST.

I wrote an operetta once—a tuneful Spanish one—
And all my friends predicted it would have a lengthy run.
And they were right. The audience rose up in such a rage
The operetta had to run, or die there on the stage.
I haven't seen it since that night, this operatic pet;
But if it has a bit of sense I guess it's running yet.

BOURBON BREATH.

Georgia citizen—"Cunnel Bluecork says when the south went 'dry' it took his breath away."

Alabama citizen—"It did, suh; and Cunnel Bluecork had been priding himself on that breath for the past twenty years."

POOR FELLOW!

He—"Did you know Brown's wife was treating him like a dog?"

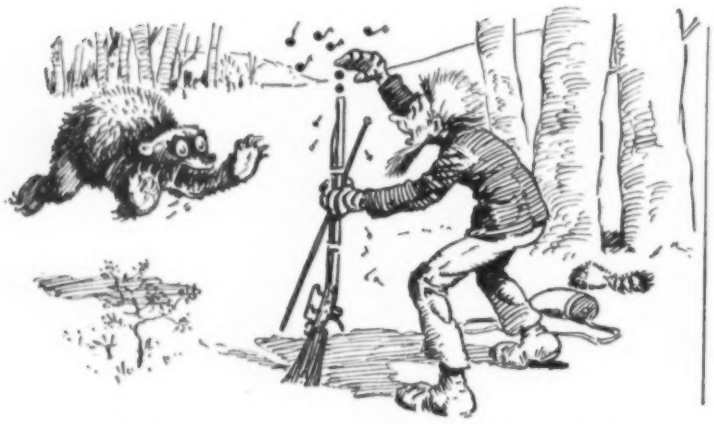
She—"Why, no. What does she do?"

He—"She does nothing but pet him all the time."

TRIMMED BY A TUNE—A MUSICAL FANTASY.

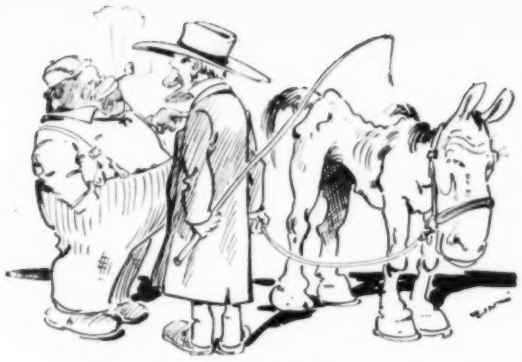
1. Old Silas Scrub was hunting, and had shot off all his slugs,
When a bear came rushing at him, a bunch of claws and hugs.

2. And Silas said, "It don't look like my time on earth wuz long.
Might jest ez well die happy." So he burst out into song.



3. A lucky thought. He grabs a bunch of bass-notes, hard and round,
And drops 'em in his blunderbuss and rams 'em good and sound.

4. Bang! Bruin drops, his thinker full of bullet-notes. He's slain!
The thing that really killed him, friends, was rag-time on the brain.



HAD TWO FAULTS.

UNCLE REMUS, besides being an inveterate horse-trader, was something of a wag. One day, after swapping a rather disreputable-looking nag, he said,

"Now, stranger, I'll tell yer fair. Dat hoss hab got two faults."

"And more, too, I guess," assented the other. "But what are they?"

"Wa-al, ef he gits out in de field he's de hahdes' hoss ter ketch ye ever seed, an' when yer ketch 'im he ain't wuth a cuss."

FASHION NOTE.

LAST year's overcoats are very much worn.

IMPRESSIONABLE.

SUCH little things had influence o'er him—
His watch-chain held for him a wondrous charm,
And from his mantel in the morning dim
A nickel clock would fill him with alarm.

CAPTIOUS CRITICISM.

"PARDON me," said the budding poet to the crabbed editor. "May I inquire why you do not wish to accept my poems? Are the feet wrong?"

"The feet are passable," replied the crabbed editor with some acerbity, "but the poems are bow-legged."

HE HAD HEARD OF IT BEFORE.

A MOTHER of a seven-year-old lad, who was daily expecting a visit from the stork, found the little fellow's conduct so trying that his father was called upon to interfere.

"Bobby," said papa, "mamma is quite ill, and we are afraid that if you are not a better boy and mind your mother it will bring on a crisis. Now, my son, perhaps you do not know what a crisis is."

"Oh, yes, I do, papa," said Bobby blithely. "It's either a boy or a girl!"

MODEST.

MISTRESS—"Bridget, what shall I get you from New York?"
BRIDGET—"Oh, annything yez are afther wantin' yersilf would be good enough fer me."

JUDGE'S DECISIONS.

OF all sad words
Of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these:
"I'm stung again."

A greedy person is one who wants everything you want.

A man is considered singular who has more than one wife.

All lovers think of eloping—only most think it over seriously.

Moisture makes things grow; even umbrellas are raised in the rain.

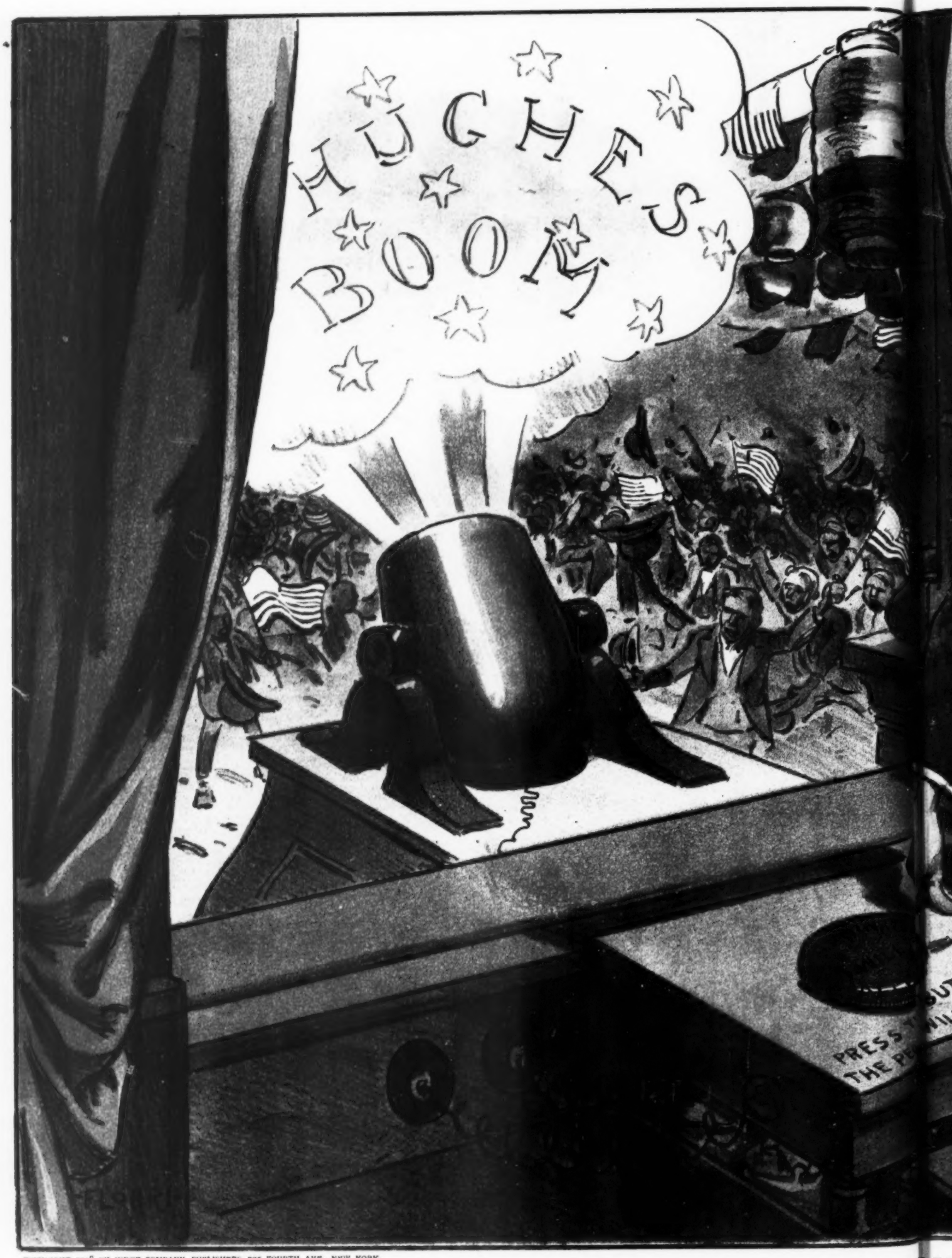
Most persons are anxious to do a favor for those who don't need it.

Let a wit acquire notoriety as a wit, then the world will help him along with witticisms he never uttered.

The public likes to be worked in a novel way. It is only when it's caught by an old trick that it runs for the police.

SAFETY IN THE SIMPLE LIFE.

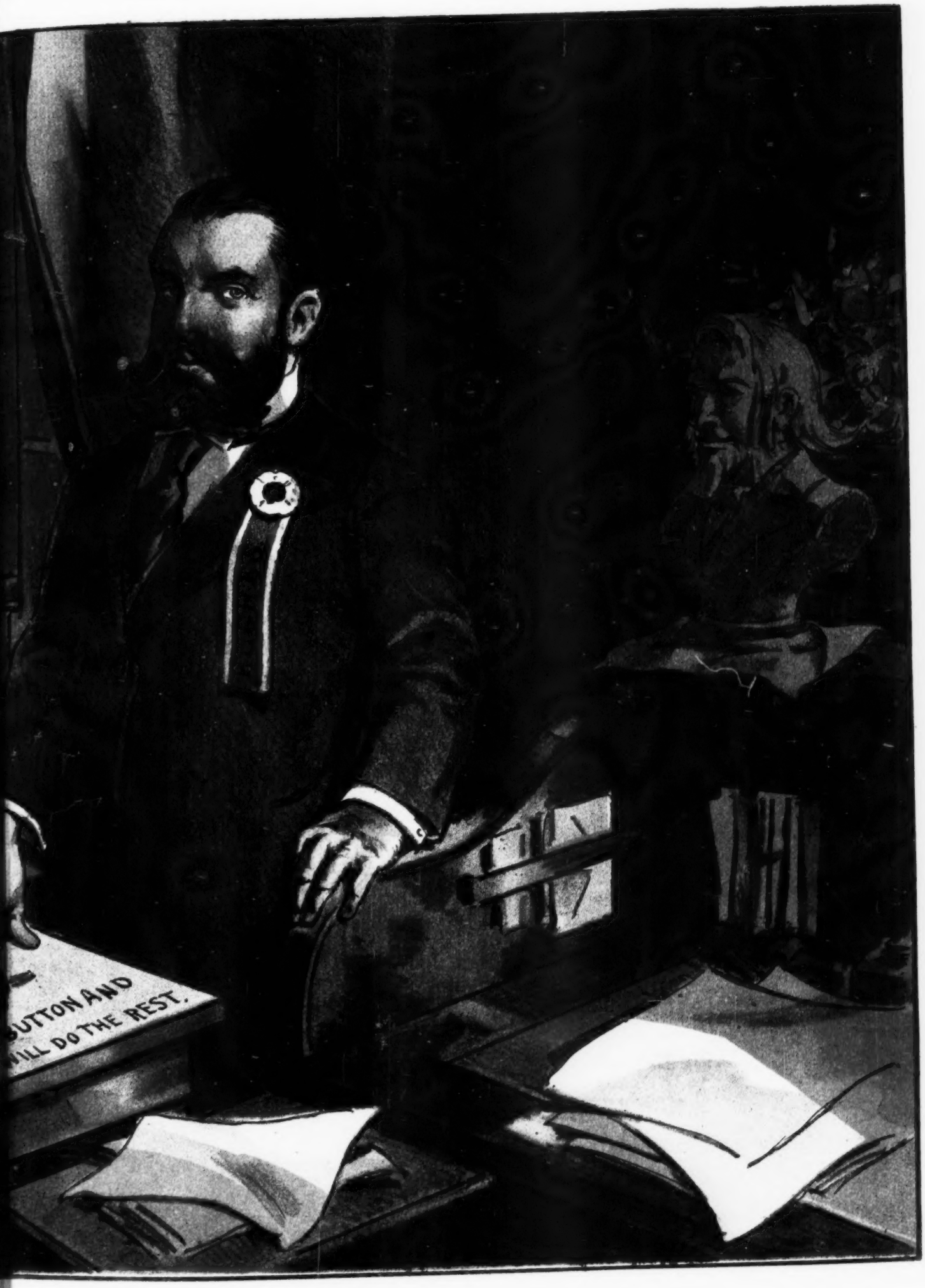
"Aren't you glad, Birdiana, that we are simple folks?"



COPYRIGHT 1908 BY JUDGE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 225 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK.

DON'T SAY A WORD; (LY

"The Governor declared that he would not lift a finger, and, ...er, he ...tion of delegates in his favor."—*New York World.*



; (LY PRESS THE BUTTON.

and, ver, he would not cease to be lifted a finger, to bring about the elec-

1. NERVY NAT—"Just because some low-down hobo robbed a hen-coop last night, I am forced to beat it from this vicinity. I would fain tarry a while in this community; but 'tis not to be, as the police are on my trail."

2. NERVY NAT—"Just as I opined—I hear the pursuers' voices in the background. No two-by-six cow-town jail for mine. I must devise some means to defeat the ends of justice. Ah, I have it!"

3. NERVY NAT—"This is anything but comfortable, but 'tis the only means I have at present of making a quick change. A layman might think I was throwing a fit. But back up, Gladys; there is madness in my method."

4. NERVY NAT—"Pretty good imitashe of a snow-man—yes? Good enough to fool old Dr. Holmes and Sherlock Watson, anyway. They think I'm a mile in the lead. Gosh! this cold-storage business is nerve-racking."

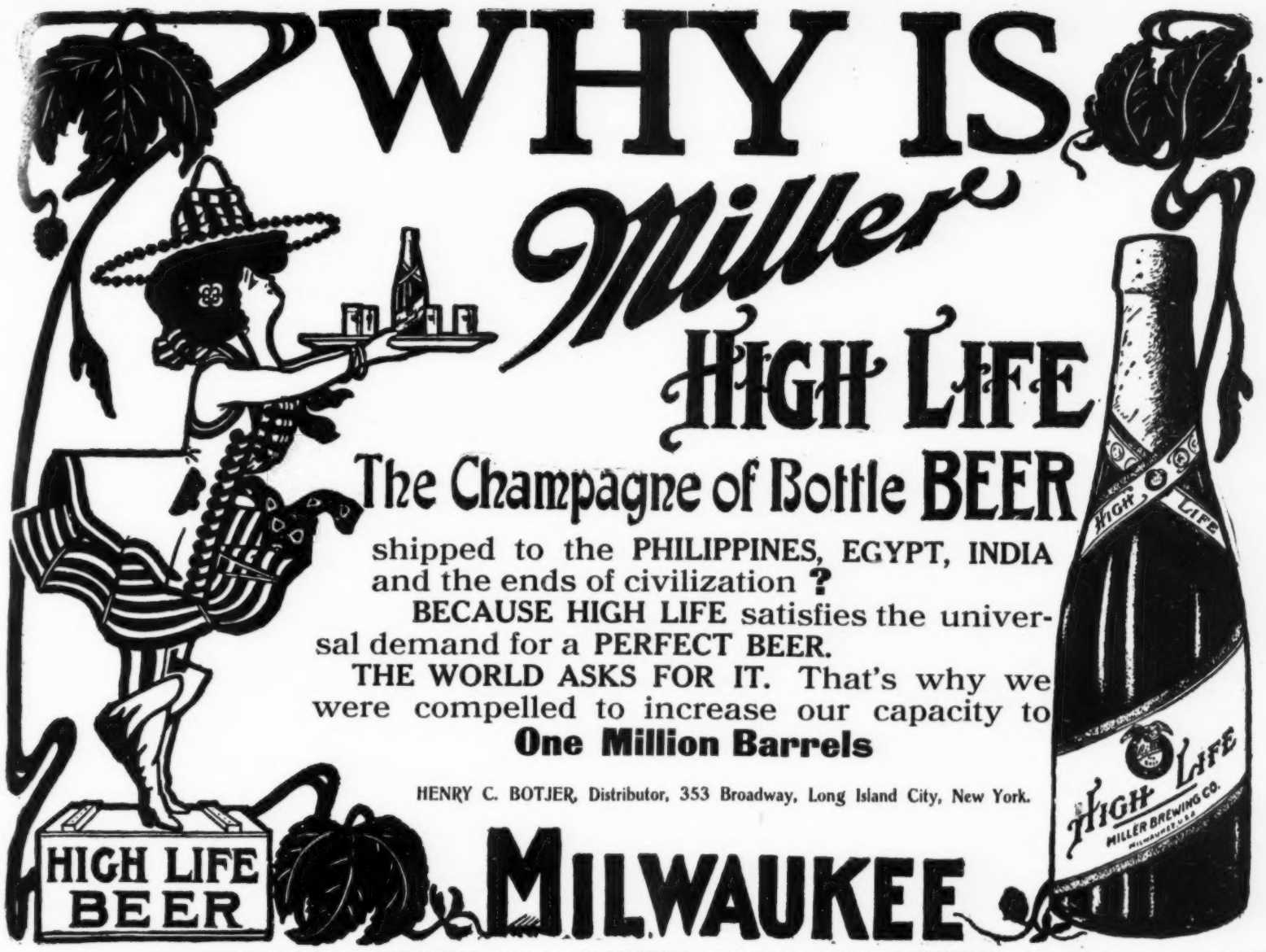
5. THE KIDS—"Whee! look at the snow-man! Bing! Bang! Biff!"
NERVY NAT—"Suffering tripe!"

6. NERVY NAT—"If I once lay my hooks on the kid that handed me the wollop with the fence-rail, there will be a vacant desk in the district school to-morrow."

NO. 33.—NERVY NAT HAS A CHILLING EXPERIENCE.

COPYRIGHT 1908 BY JUDGE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 225 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK.

NOTE.—The First Series of Nervy Nat's Adventures is now ready, handsomely bound, in book-form. Price, 75 cents; 10 cents additional for postage when ordered by mail. Address JUDGE COMPANY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.



HIS ADVANTAGE.

Two Irishmen were digging a sewer. One of them was a big, strong man about six feet four inches in height, and the other one was a little, puny man about four feet six inches. The foreman came along to see how the work was progressing, and noticed that one of them was doing more work than the other. "Look here," he cried, "how is it that little Dennis Dugan, who is only half your size, is doing nearly twice as much work as you, Patrick?" Glancing down to his partner, Pat replied, "And why shouldn't he? Ain't he nearer to it?"—*Kansas City Independent.*

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

THE PERFECT HUSBAND.

Several ladies sat after a card party at the University Club a few mornings ago, discussing the virtues of their husbands. "Mr. Bingleton," said one of them, referring to her life partner, "never drinks and never swears—indeed, he has no bad habits." "Does he ever smoke?" someone asked. "Yes; he likes a cigar just after he has eaten a good meal. But, I suppose, on an average, he doesn't smoke more than once a month."—*Philippines Gossip.*

No family side-board complete without Abbott's Bitters. Wine-dealers and druggists.

WHO WOULDN'T?

Set upon by a pack of wolves in Canada, a Scotchman played on his bagpipes, and the wolves, howling with dismay, took to the woods.—*Mexican Herald.*

ADJUSTING A GRIEVANCE.

The agitator appeared at the meeting of employés and requested a hearing.

"Don't you men know that you have a grievance?" he asked, having taken the floor.

"We do," responded the chairman. "We have a number, and you are the worst in the lot."

After a husky committee had tossed the agitator downstairs business proceeded. —*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A HUSBAND'S JOB.

First tramp (reading advertisement)—"Man wanted to chop wood, bring up coal, take care of garden, mind chickens and children."

His pal (groaning)—"Oh, these matrimonial advertisements make me tired!" —*Exchange.*

A LONG TIME OFF.

The brute—"What were you thinking of, Dorothy?"

Dorothy—"I was dreaming of my youth."

The brute—"Ah, I thought you had a far-away look in your eyes."—*St. Louis Times.*

ANOTHER OPENING FOR THE BUSINESS WOMAN.

A woman may not reason, but she can render decisions that would put a supreme-court justice out of business.—*New York Tribune.*

MENTIONED.

"Heard a fellow mention me to-day in connection with the presidency."

"No!"

"Fact. Said no dub of my type would do."—*Exchange.*

READY FOR HIM.

The burglar's wife was in the witness-box and the prosecuting attorney was conducting a vigorous cross-examination.

"Madam, you are the wife of this man?"

"Yes."

"You knew he was a burglar when you married him?"

"Yes."

"How did you come to contract a matrimonial alliance with such a man?"

"Well," the witness said sarcastically, "I was getting old and had to choose between a lawyer and a burglar."

The cross-examination ended there.—*Exchange.*

DISPLACED AFFECTIONS.

Ice-cream he bought his beloved,
And she ate, and she ate, and she ate;
And her heart she finally gave him
To make room for another plate.
—*Town Topics.*

VERY CONSIDERATE.

Mistress—"Bridget, I hope you're not thinking at all of leaving me. I should be very lonesome without you."

Maid—"Faith, and it's not lonely ye'll be. Most-like, I'll go whin there's a houseful o' company for luncheon or dinner."—*Exchange.*

BUREAUS NOT USELESS.

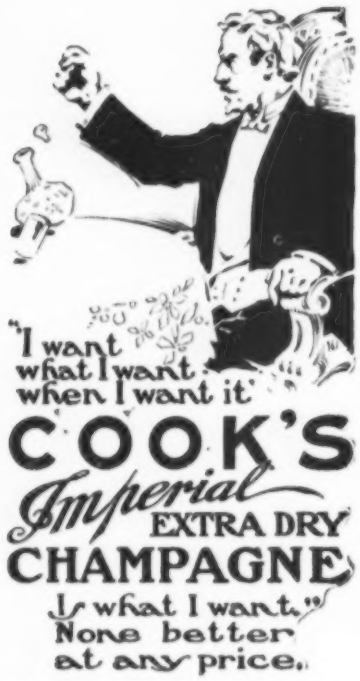
"I see the navy may decide to get rid of its bureaus."

"Is that so?" she responded brightly. "Well, I suppose roll-top desks would suit the navy better; and, John, if those bureaus are the old-fashioned, mahogany kind, with a lot of drawers, I wish you'd write to the secretary and find what he'd take for one."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

INCLUSIVE.

"Jimmie," said the merchant solemnly, at the eleventh hour, "we have forgotten to get a fresh supply of stamps."

And the office-boy in his excitement responded with, "Goodness, sir, so we have! If we ain't a couple of blunder-headed idiots!"—*Tit-Bits.*



The churches probably would be fuller on Sunday if we had to sneak in through a side door.—*Eau Claire Leader.*

By James Montgomery Flagg.

Copyright, 1907, Judge Co.

"GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT."

The hard and fast law of nature, "You can't eat your cake and have it too," is probably all that saves her.

Photogravure in sepia, 15 x 19.
One Dollar.

PICTURE DEPT., JUDGE CO., 225 Fourth Ave., New York

ROMEIKE'S Press Cutting Bureau will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched. Terms, $5.00 for 100 notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 110-112 W. 26th St., N. Y.

For KIDNEY TROUBLES and CATARRH of the BLADDER.
SANTAL CAPSULES MIDY
Relieves all Discharges in 24 HOURS
Each capsule bears the name MIDY
Beware of counterfeits.
Sold by all druggists.

BLOOD POISON
FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS
We have made the cure of Blood Poison a specialty. Blood Poison Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under the same guaranty. Capital, $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. If you have exhausted the old methods of treatment and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write for proofs of cures. 100-page Book Free.
COOK REMEDY CO.,
1480-55 State St., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

ON JANUARY SECOND.

From Hong Kong to Calais and Dover,
From far Singapore to Provast,
The Christmassy season is over,
The holiday moment is past.
All gone are the hours of leisure,
All gone the rare respite of Shirk:
We've had our man's share of pure pleasure,
And now for the work.

Long, long were the mails sweetly loaded
With gifts, whether portly or small;
Long, long was the post-office goaded
For means to deliver them all.
But now, both for princes and peasants,
The mail is so changed it near kills:
Yes, friends; we have gotten the presents.
And now for the bills.

We've taken what others have given,
We've given them back just as good,
We've spent mon like water, by hiven!
We've made all the Christmas we could.
And now that those gift-joys that ravish
Are past, who to sorrow would stoop?
Ah, no! We were right to be lavish—
And now to recoup.

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

EXCELLENT DIAGNOSIS.

Dr. Fitzpatrick, who is something of a humorist, was running down the steps of St. Paul's Hospital when he met a fellow doctor.

"Hello, Fitzpatrick!" cried the latter, noticing that his friend looked pleased. "You're in a hurry. What's the matter—any good cases?"

"I should think so!" cried Fitzpatrick. "We've got a woman in the ward upstairs who is so cross-eyed that the tears run down her back!"

"Bless me!" said his friend. "You can't do anything for her, can you?"

"I should think we can—in fact, we have," cried Fitzpatrick; "we've treated her for bacteria!"—*Philippines Gossip.*

In need of something for indigestion? Take Abbott's Bitters. At all druggists'.

TAKES HIS CHANCES.

"My collection," said the numismatist proudly, "is worth $10,000. And every coin genuine."

"Mine," said the minister sadly, "is worth about $7.63 a Sunday. And I have to take my chances on the coins being good."—*Washington Star.*

VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

It is quite a surprise to run across an editorial headed "David B. Hill," and discover that it is not an obituary notice.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

IRISH PHILOSOPHY.

"Young men and young women often like to be alone," said the moralizer.

"Yes," rejoined the Irish philosopher; "they like to be alone together."—*Chicago News.*

THE MEAN THING.

She—"I see an average man needs 1,600 pounds of food yearly."

He—"Yes; but he doesn't want it in one batch of biscuits, dear."—*Pick-me-up.*

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED
No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms.
Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease.
FREE TEST TREATMENT
Including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M.D.
Dept. G, 7 American Express Building, Chicago.

CONTEMPLATION.

TRAMP—"What abominable people! No matter where I go, they only want to give me work. I suppose none wants to work himself!"

—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

LIQUEUR
PÈRES
CHARTREUX
—GREEN AND YELLOW—
THE AFTER-DINNER LIQUEUR OF REFINED TASTE

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés. Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

A GOOD-SIZED MONUMENT.

Andrew Carnegie has discovered Fairbury, Nebraska, and commemorated the discovery by planting a ten-thousand-dollar library there.—*Courier-Journal.*

"MEN OF BRAINS"
PAY THE PRICE FOR
Cortez
and do not waste their cigar money in experiments

MORPHINE My treatment is the only absolute cure for drug habits, and the only one containing the vital principle. I treat Drug users free until cured.
FREE TREATMENT UNTIL CURED Write for free trial to-day. State kind and quantity of drug used.
Waterman Institute, 14 Lexington Ave., Suite 38, N. Y.

INSCRUTABLE.

We know well enough why the hen
crossed the road,
But why is that fleet going round?
We know how the seed warts adhere to
the toad,
But why is that fleet going round?
We know why the leopard wears spots on
his hide,
We know how the moon brings the
treacherous tide,
We know why old shoes are hurled after
a bride—
But why is that fleet going round?

We know why the hop-vine twines t'other-
end-to,
But why is that fleet going round?
We know why the sky is a beautiful blue,
But why is that fleet going round?
We know just the age of that troublesome
Ann,
We know how the chicken tribe truly
began
(With egg first or hen first), but where is
the man
Can tell why the fleet 's going round?

Dip deep in the well at whose bottom lies
truth
And tell why the fleet 's going round.
Solve every problem of age and of youth,
But tell why the fleet 's going round.
I don't care a hoot what Diogenes saw
While lugging his lantern around in his
claw,
Yet I've scratched my poor head till it's
bleeding and raw,
But can't tell why the fleet 's going
round!

—*Chicago News.*

Take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in time; you know, cold and cough breed consumption, and that means death. 25c.

A NATURAL SUSPICION.

Three tired citizens—a lawyer, a doctor, and a newspaper man—sat in a back room recently in the cold, gray light of the early dawn. On the table were many empty bottles and a couple of packs of cards. As they sat in silence a rat scurried across the hearth into the darkness beyond. The three men shifted their feet and looked at each other uneasily. After a long pause the lawyer spoke.

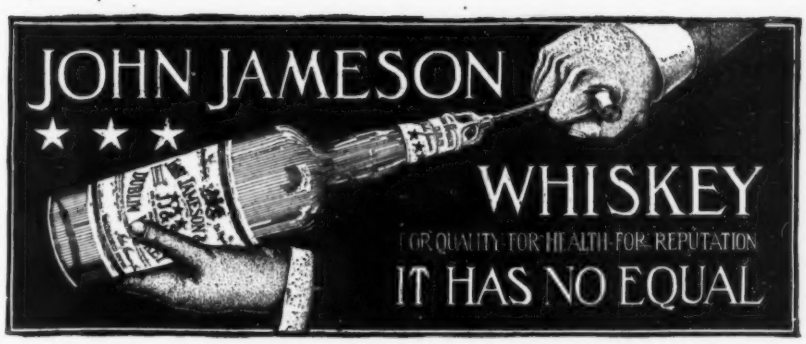
"I know what you fellows are thinking," he said; "you think I saw a rat, but I didn't."—*Kansas City Independent.*

A GOOD AUTHORITY.

"That widow says he is clever but impossible."

"If a widow has found him impossible he must be clever."—*Houston Post.*

Red tape is the bandage that keeps a mummified institution together.—*Ex.*



TOO MUCH RUBBERING.

"So yeou were up in town a week?" said the old postmaster in the country village.

"Yeas," drawled Farmer Hardapple; "and I rubbered every day and every night."

"Gosh! How did yeou feel when yeou came home?"

"Just like an automobile."

"Like an automobile?"

"Yeas; 'rubber-tired.'"—*Chicago News.*

A VULGAR CORRECTION.

Professor Kuhnemann, of the University of Berlin, was tremendously impressed on his recent visit to Boston with the learning of Boston's women.

"From the highest to the lowest class," Professor Kuhnemann said at a dinner at the Lorraine, "I find the women of Boston marvelously learned. To find a scholar's daughter learned is not surprising, but when one finds learning in a hod-carrier's daughter, one can't but be impressed."

Professor Kuhnemann smiled thoughtfully.

"How different things are in London," he said. "There I once overheard a cook correcting the grammar of a housemaid.

"'Don't say "ax," you wulgar critter,' corrected the cook; 'say "harsk".'"—*Washington Star.*

THE WAY HE CALCULATED.

"When I first knew that man," said the observant waiter, "he couldn't have been making more than one thousand dollars a year. I'll bet it 's ten thousand dollars now."

"How do you know?" asked the other.

"He used to give a fifty-cent tip, but now he only gives me a nickel."—*Philadelphia Press.*

TURNING OF THE WORM.

"My dear," said Mr. Enpeck, "can you tell me the difference between your mouth and the court-house door?"

"No; I can't," snapped Mrs. Enpeck.

"Then," continued the long-suffering man, "you had better have one or the other of them closed, so the public can tell the difference."—*Exchange.*

MAMMA—"Just think, Jimmy, this nice silk dress came from a poor, insignificant little worm."

JIMMY—"Gee! guess I know. You mean papa."

BEHIND THE TIMES.

"I see you're sticking to the old automobile jokes," said the first humorist.

"What of it?" snarled the second humorist.

"Don't you know the 1908 models are out?"—*Courier-Journal.*

By F. Y. Cory.

Copyright, Judge Co., 1907.

UNREQUITED LOVE

Photogelatine in sepia, 8 x 11.
25 cents.

JUDGE COMPANY
[illegible] Ave. NEW YORK

THE
UNREQUITED LOVE

They say the
Baby's clinging love
Is likened best
To heaven above.

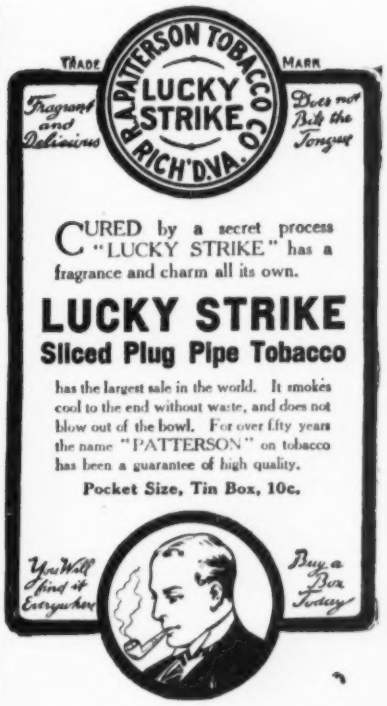
Of heaven's delights
I have a doubt;
I'd say, off-hand,
To cut it out.

The Truth
Can be told about
Great Western Champagne
—the Standard of American Wines

There is nothing to conceal in its production. It is Pure Grape Juice, fermented and aged to exact perfection for healthfulness, possessing the bouquet and flavor that connoisseurs desire.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,
Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.
Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.



By James Montgomery Flagg.

Copyright, 1907, by Judge Co.

A CONTENTED FOOL

Photogravure in sepia, 8 x 11.
25 cents.

By James Montgomery Flagg.

Copyright, 1907, by Judge Co.

HER MASTER'S VOICE

Photogravure in sepia, 12 x 16.
50 cents.

By Hy. Leonard.

Copyright, 1907, by Judge Co.

AND IN THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH

Photogravure in green, 12 x 16.
50 cents.

NOW READY

The 1908 Catalogue of

JUDGE PRINTS

The new Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of eight cents, by

Judge Company, 225 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

By Gordon Grant.

Copyright, 1907, by Judge Co.

GRAND RIGHT AND LEFT

Photogravure in sepia, 15 x 20.
One dollar.

By George Blake.

Copyright, 1907, by Judge Co.

THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY

Photogravure in sepia, 15 x 20.
One dollar.

Address

JUDGE COMPANY

225 FOURTH AVENUE, - - - NEW YORK

SAVE YOUR HAIR.

Dandruff and Falling Hair Quickly Cured.

A simple, old remedy, you probably know about, has done more to benefit my hair and that of my friends than prescriptions from New York's best specialists. Send $1. I will send prescription and how to use it. Costs only 15c. to fill at any pharmacy. Address

P. O. Box 326, Madison Square Branch, N. Y. City.

NO—NEVER.

"The idea!" exclaimed Miss Passey; "the idea of Mr. Hoamley asking me if I couldn't learn to love him!"

"Why not?" demanded Miss Pert. "One is never too old to learn."—*Philadelphia Press.*

MORE REASON FOR IT.

"Ethel has gone over to the church to pray."

"To pray! What for?"

"For her husband, of course."

"Why, she hasn't any!"

"I know it."—*Smart Set.*

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS

PAPER WAREHOUSE

Nos. 32, 34, and 36 Bleecker Street
Branch Warehouse, 20 Beekman Street, New York
ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER.

The gossip deserves credit for choosing some one more interesting than himself to talk about.—*Ex.*

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

¶ Do you ever make investments in Wall Street securities? Do you ever buy or sell stocks or bonds? If so, do not fail to read "Jasper's Hints to Money-makers" every week in "Leslie's Weekly," in which questions regarding stocks and bonds are honestly and conservatively answered, and hints given as to the outlook in the stock market from week to week. This is the most reliable financial department published in the United States, and thousands have testified in writing that it has either made or saved them money.

¶ Buy a copy of "Leslie's Weekly" at your newsdealer's for ten cents, and see for yourself, or send in a three months' trial subscription to "Leslie's Weekly" for $1.00, which will give you the right to free answers to any questions regarding stocks and bonds which you may ask.

Address JUDGE COMPANY,
225 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BETWEEN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO IN 23 1-2 HOURS
VIA NEW YORK CENTRAL—LAKE SHORE ROUTE,

"LAKE SHORE LIMITED."

"ON EVERY TONGUE"

I. W. Harper Rye

Most Popular Because It's the Best

SOLD BY Leading Dealers

FAILED TO RELIEVE.

On the mighty deep.

The great ocean liner rolled and pitched.

"Henry," faltered the young bride, "do you still love me?"

"More than ever, darling!" was Henry's fervent answer.

Then there was an eloquent silence.

"Henry," she gasped, turning her pale, ghastly face away, "I thought that would make me feel better, but it doesn't!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

SARCASTIC.

They had been discussing the baby's ears, eyes and nose.

"And I think it 's got its father's hair," said the joyful young mother.

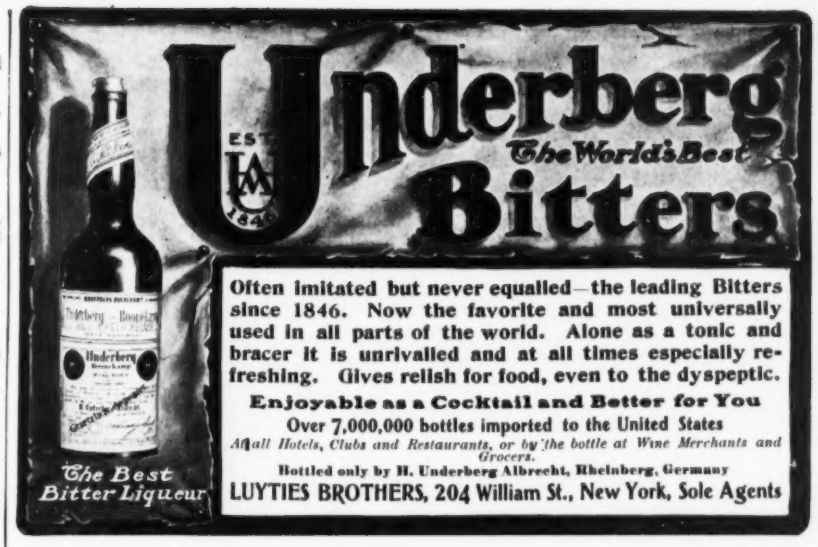
"Oh, is that who 's got it? I noticed it was missing." And as the tall girl with the suave manner said this, the mother looked dubiously at her.—*Eau Claire Leader.*

A LADY OF NOTE.

She was musical, quite, so she made her a gown
Of organdie, cleverly planned,
With accordion plaits running all up and down,
And fluted to beat the band.
She looked truly swell, and would frequently harp
On being high-toned and all that;
And of course to B natural, had to B sharp
Enough to abide in A flat.
—*New York Tribune.*

A RAGTIME TRIOLET.

Mag, throw your lamps on this;
It's a French pome, my dear,
I ween—rather I wis.
Mag, throw your lamps on this;
It's all to the bad, sis,
But some others come near.
Mag, throw your lamps on this;
It's a French pome, my dear.
—*Ralph A. Lyon in Baltimore Sun.*



Often imitated but never equalled—the leading Bitters since 1846. Now the favorite and most universally used in all parts of the world. Alone as a tonic and bracer it is unrivalled and at all times especially refreshing. Gives relish for food, even to the dyspeptic.

Enjoyable as a Cocktail and Better for You

Over 7,000,000 bottles imported to the United States

At all Hotels, Clubs and Restaurants, or by the bottle at Wine Merchants and Grocers.

Bottled only by H. Underberg Albrecht, Rheinberg, Germany

LUYTIES BROTHERS, 204 William St., New York, Sole Agents

Why is Hughes the coming man? Tell us, poets, if you can!

¶ Condense your reasons into three brief lines in JUDGE'S great LIMERICK CONTEST.

¶ If you never saw a limerick, here is one filled out:

For President, Charles Evans Hughes,
He's the man I should certainly choose;
Though he's whiskered, he's kind,
And he knows his own mind,
That's why he should fill Teddy's shoes.

¶ Supply three new lines in the following limerick, write them in the blanks where they belong, tear off this half-page, and send it to LIMERICK EDITOR, JUDGE, before Feb. 1st, 1908.

FOR PRESIDENT, CHARLES EVANS HUGHES,

.....

.....

.....

THAT'S WHY HE SHOULD FILL TEDDY'S SHOES.

¶ The prize for the best limerick is a year's subscription to JUDGE'S LIBRARY and a letter of commendation from Governor Hughes. If he doesn't write it, we will. The five next best will each receive an original drawing by one of JUDGE'S artists. No MSS. will be returned. The Editor of JUDGE has sole power to determine the result.

¶ Try the TAFT limerick next week!

¶ A special prize to anyone who receives mention in each of the contests which are to follow.

THE JUDGE COMPANY'S MAGAZINES

Sworn Circulation Over One Million Copies

JUDGE'S LIBRARY

SIS HOPKINS OWN BOOK

Judge's Quarterly

PLEASE allow us to call your attention to our two monthly magazines and our quarterly, as advertising mediums, suitable for any article intended for family use.

The paid circulation of **JUDGE'S LIBRARY**, according to figures furnished by the Association of American Advertisers, averages **41,826** monthly, making a total of nearly **500,000** copies a year.

The circulation of **SIS HOPKINS' OWN BOOK**, according to the same authority, averages **36,576** monthly, a total of over **400,000** copies a year.

The circulation of **JUDGE'S QUARTERLY** averages more than **26,000** each issue.

The magazines sell for ten cents a copy, the quarterly for twenty-five cents a copy. There are no copies given away and none returned. The subscription list is large enough to satisfy the requirements of the United States Government, but probably ninety-eight per cent. of all this vast output is sold for cash through the news companies.

Here is a circulation each year of over **1,000,000** copies of illustrated periodicals with covers printed in colors. And this is **an ever-changing circulation,** so that there is hardly any duplication, month by month, such as there would be by an all subscription list.

Specimen copies and advertising rates on request.

Special rates furnished where an advertiser uses the entire twenty-eight magazines during one year.

The JUDGE COMPANY, 225 Fourth Ave., New York City

PLAIN AND PLAIN.

"The people I lived wid before, madam", said the new cook, "was very plain."

"Well," asked her new employer, "are we not plain here?"

"Yez are, madam; but in a different way. They wuz plain in their way o' livin', not in their looks, madam."—*Philadelphia Press.*

UNDOUBTEDLY.

A club of tall men has been organized in Chicago for the purpose of assisting the Fairbanks boom, the members contending that it is time a tall man occupied the presidential chair. But if the fat men get together for Mr. Taft, it is to be expected that they will have more weight.—*Baltimore American.*

Judge

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS.

THEY FOLLOW JOHN UPON THE ICE, AND COME TO SORROW IN A TRICE.

1. One day, when Johnny went to skate,
The Teds were stirred to emulate;
But John forbade them one and all,
And tells how easy 'tis to fall.

2. This warning given, Johnny flies
To where a maiden meets his eyes.
She has some sweets for him, you know—
The Teds would really be de trop.

3. But Johnny has forgotten quite
That candy is the bears' delight:
And while he eats, nor danger dreads,
Behold an avalanche of Teds!

4. They see, they come, they rush, they fall—
One dreadful fate o'erwhelms them all.
John sees them slip with great delight,
But lo! they disappear from sight.

5. Now, even though John loves to tease,
He cannot let them drown or freeze.
From out the lake he pulls the bears
And homeward with his sled he tears.

6. With half a scold and half a sigh,
He hangs them up to thaw and dry,
And then with medicine he tends
His meeker, sadder, wiser friends.

COPYRIGHT 1908 BY JUDGE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 225 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK.

The First Series of the adventures of "Little Johnny and the Teddy Bears" is now ready in handsome book-form. Price, 60 cents. For sale by book-dealers everywhere, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by Judge Company, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.